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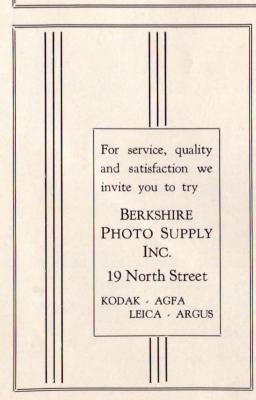
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# The Student's Len

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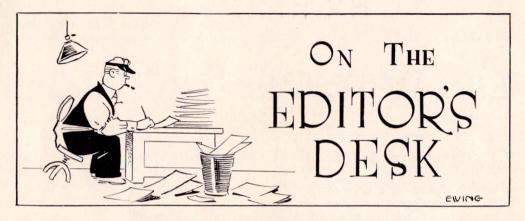
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### Who Says We're Slow?

By Bruce Hainsworth

gloomiest decades in all history. So dark, indeed, have these years been that they have been popularly dubbed the "Terrible Thirties." Perhaps this nickname is apt. Let us see.

At home—that is, in the United States this unfortunate decade came to bat with two strikes already called. An unprecedented stock crash had just plunged the entire country into a depression of appalling proportions; business was utterly paralyzed. In 1933 came the New Deal with its streamlined economy, but despite a huge spending-lending program, hard times remained. The decade closed with such war threats that Congress made the largest peace-time defense appropriations in history.

Abroad, world affairs presented an even blacker picture. In 1930 the League of Nations was apparently a strong institution; international harmony was no longer a dream; peace for decades to come was assured. Strange as it seems, however, this promising plan went awry. First came Japan's annexation of Manchuria; then the rapid, spectacular rise of militant dictatorships in Germany and Russia. The League collapsed, carrying with it all hopes of lasting peace. And, to cap the climax, the Second World War began.

But in the midst of this gloom we find at least one institution making progress—an institution which has been going forward

X/E are just emerging from one of the while the rest of the world has been moving backward—Pittsfield High School. 1930 saw this growing institution of learning housed in a crowded, outmoded building; 1940 finds a beautiful, modern, well-equipped structure with the name "Pittsfield High School" above its portals. The beginning of the decade found a forlorn little orchestra practicing once a week; this was the entire music department. Today our music department bows to none, for it offers not only three full-credit academic courses in music appreciation and harmony but also an unusual extra-curricular musical program, consisting of two wellorganized glee clubs, a 48-piece orchestra, and a 52-piece band in colorful new uniforms. In this period the extra-curricular program has been expanded to include several new clubs the Motion Picture Club, the Radio Guild, and the Stamp Club. The scope of the athletic department has been immeasurably increased by the completely equipped gymnasium of our new school, the new hockey rink, and the enclosed Deming Field for football. And last, but far from least, a system of providing educational and interesting assemblies has been arranged.

> It is evident that in the past decade, while the world has been declining at a frightful rate, Pittsfield High, under wise guidance, has made rapid progress. There is but one conclusion: we really ought to find a way to pattern the world after P. H. S.

# Life: What Can It All Mean?

By Monica Wells

Have you never paused at the end of the day and said to yourself, "Today—yes—today has been another day in this intricate existence called 'Life' "?

Then, what did you consider about the day: the weather? the clothes you wore? the things you saw?

All too often, the majority of our minutes are occupied with the unimportant aspects of life. We could not exist without them, yet there are so many more important problems to be solved, that insignificant matters ought hardly to be considered.

Often, you have perhaps contemplated your hopes and ambitions for the future. Doubtless you have suspected, at times, that what you are today you will be tomorrow. But unless you consider your target, and how to aim before you let the arrow fly, your shaft will never hit the bull's eye. Success does not come by mere chance.

The type of character you achieve, the goal you reach, will be determined by the ideals which you set before yourself, and which you endeavor, day by day, to uphold.

When you stop to think about life, you cannot help realizing that it is far too short. Many a man who has been fortunate in living to the age of ninety, has admitted that his accomplishment during his long life, was negligible in comparison to his intention.

Then why waste these precious hours with trivial conversation and acts, quibbled over until they seem mountains?

What a pity that we cannot interest ourselves in the great and beautiful resources with which we have been endowed!

The happy go-lucky will say, "Why worry over such far-fetched ideas? Why not enjoy each day as it comes along, and let tomorrow

wait its turn? Profound questions of life have remained unanswered for centuries. Certainly you cannot expect to provide the solutions."

We have the authority of no less great a man than Benjamin Franklin, that "If you love life, you should not squander time, for time is the stuff that life is made of."

Men who have won distinction have been famed because they forwarded great issues, material and spiritual.

It may be true that one of us alone is not able to solve the problems of the ages. Is it not equally true, however, that the more we consider what life is, and what it means to us, the nearer we shall come to being able to solve the dilemmas that beset mankind?

At any rate, we shall have sought to ally ourselves with the great.

#### OUR CAFETERIA

To the Editor of The STUDENT'S PEN:

I think our cafeteria as a whole is excellent, except for one fault that could be easily remedied.

I am writing about the sandwiches. I am not finding fault with the contents of the sandwiches, but the way in which they are served.

Again and again I have put into the Suggestion Box in the cafeteria, "Please have our sandwiches cut in half." Why have a Suggestion Box if more than one student sends in a suggestion and the suggestion is not carried through?

Please see if you, as the Editor of The Student's Pen, can't have this suggestion given more consideration.

A Senior

# Andre Bragjeau

By Stephen Yerazunis

"Extra! Extra! Belgium invaded!

"Fortifications at Liege crumble under shelling of the German artillery!

"One-hundred thousand Germans fall in week!

"Forty-thousand Austrians trapped and annihilated!

"Great Britain declares war on Germany! "Extra! Extra!"

In London, all was pell-mell. Thousands of volunteers stormed the enlisting headquarters. With a blind hatred for the Germans, I, too, wanted to fight for democracy. Because of the rapidity of the German advance upon Paris, we had to be sent immediately to France. As we clambered into the troopships, we were each handed a rifle, a bayonet, some ammunition, and a uniform.

At once, we were sent into the thick of the fight. On our way to the front lines, we passed battered French divisions, decimated by the German invaders. The nearer we approached to the front, the more audible became the rumbling of the artillery. Finally we took our position on a series of hills from which we could see the French attempting to rally their scattered battalions in vain. But when the French saw us on the ridges, they took courage and stood their ground. However, the power of the German drive was not to be denied. At first, the Allied line held, then it quivered, and finally broke, leaving great holes through which the Germans streamed. At this moment, we were hurled into the thick of the fray, notwithstanding the fact that we had had no training. We struggled hand-to-hand for how long I do not know. Suddenly, a horrid pain in my side caused me to shriek for help. I staggered, tried to support myself on my rifle, but collapsed and must have lost consciousness—for shortly, I had the sensation of being carried. When I regained my senses, I found myself on the back of a stalwart soldier plodding over the shell-crater filled battlefield. As he stumbled, I groaned, and he ordered me in laconic style to lie still. Now and then, the chattering of deadly machine guns reached my ears. Occasionally, the screaming whistle of a shell rent the air, followed by an ear-splitting explosion.

As we neared the Allied lines, the murmuring of the soldiers became audible.

"Risked his own life," said one.

"You know Andre. He'd risk his life for anyone," replied another.

"What a man!" exclaimed a third.

And when we were safe in the trench, hundreds of hurrahs and vivas acknowledged their gratitude and admiration.

Thanks to Andre's heroism, I did not die, but recovered rapidly. From what I gathered from my companions, Andre's superiors had ordered him and his men not to attempt any rescues; but torn between his orders and his conscience, Andre had fought a losing battle with his conscience. Although acting against orders, he received a medal for his heroism. And thus it was throughout the duration of the war. He risked his life innumerable times, for he believed that if he was going to be killed, he would be, despite any precautions he might take.

From the time of my rescue, Andre and I were constant companions. We slept in the same straw, ate the same food, and fought the same battles. We ducked into the same shell-holes and stumbled through the same mud.

In the second year of the war, a youth approached Andre. It seems he had wanted a leave to visit his parents in Gascony, but all the leaves had been made out,—one to Andre. Andre certainly deserved a rest, but when he

heard the lad's story he handed the leave to him.

"Son," he said, "you had better take this leave because I wouldn't enjoy it, thinking about you."

As the war went on, Andre was advanced in rank, but never did he show signs of snob-bishness or cowardice. He believed that the position of an officer was at the head of his troops. His presence in the front of the charges inspired his men, and they followed him anywhere without hesitation.

Shortly after Andre was put in command of a battalion, the Germans attacked his position with a display of fierceness that I had never seen before. Many of our men retreated, but Andre took charge of a machine gun nest and singlehanded held the Germans back until reinforcements reached him and drove the enemy back. Had he fled, the battalion might have been annihilated.

Could a man risk his life in this manner for three years and live? The Fates said, "No," and Andre met his fate.

The Germans, realizing that they must deal the death-blow to France before American aid could arrive, ordered a wild charge on Paris regardless of losses. Hundreds and thousands of Germans fell, but the German columns advanced. Our battalion at that time held a strategic ridge. In the face of overwhelming odds, Andre ordered a retreat while he himself remained to man the machine guns. The Germans swept up the side of the ridge in the face of withering machine-gun fire. Again and again they charged and met the same fate. For hours he held them back until the American recruits could get to this sector. But just as aid came, his ammunition supply exhausted, Andre was surrounded and killed by the enemy. In our frenzy of grief, we attacked and drove the invader back with enormous losses. The entire battalion wept for him, for he was a sort of father comrade to them. And all agreed that the army had lost a brave man in Andre Bragieau.

### Lobsters

By Winifred Aitchison

NOW, before I start this "essay," I want it thoroughly understood that I am not just an ordinary addle-pated girl who clambers upon the table at the mere sight of a mouse. As a matter of fact, I think mice are sort of cute—in their own little way, you know. Nor am I afraid of snakes-not that I tickle rattlers' chins, but that I don't have a spasm when a harmless little garter snake slides innocently across my foot. And as for lizards, turtles, toads, frogs, worms, and bugs, even caterpillars, they are all right, too; I don't mind picking any of them up. But on the other hand, I suffer acutely with tremulous little chills running up and down my spine at the sight of a dead or dying fish. I can't help shuddering with horror when I see flopping fish—even in movies. You just can't imagine how it feels. But the creature that repels me more than anything else on earth is the lobster. There is just no explanation for what the sight of a lobster, dead or alive, does to me. My mind is filled with a wild wish to run away as fast as possible, and my feet respond with alacrity. I am possessed with a maddening desire to scream. Lobsters are just as much my weak spot as Achilles' heel was his.

The first time I ever say a really live lobster—that is, one that wasn't half frozen in ice, sprawled out in a glass show case—was down in Maine last summer. When a friendly fisherman approached Daddy and me with a large basket over his arm, offering to show us something most unusual, and pulled out an immense snapping creature that was a combination of a skeleton, a scorpion, and a rattle snake all rolled into one, I couldn't help screaming and running away. Even if you aren't normally afraid of lobsters, I am almost certain that you would have been terrified; for I swear that this one was all of a yard long. with horrible, gnashing pinchers and spiny legs clawing the air, not to mention the dreadful snapping sound he made with his scaly tail. I was scared stiff!

Not caring to bring up the subject again to Dad after having acted "like a proper little fool", and unwilling to question anyone else tor fear of being teased, I was extremely worried about the possibility of any of the blighters crawling around the swimming beach. It didn't help any to find in the encyclopedia that lobsters weighing up to thirty-four pounds had been caught along the coast of Maine. At that rate they might as well have been octopi with shells on.

Although my fears did not lessen in the least, as time went on I grew more accustomed to the things. I still instinctively regarded all wicker baskets with a distrust, as if fearing that they were full of evil spirits like Pandora's box. Everything really went beautifully until the day when I was out in a sailboat with some boys and girls I had recently met. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and there was a good spanking breeze crowning the waves with little white caps that relieved the intense blue of the sea. The day was simply made to order for sailing, and I was enjoying every minute of it. After a while we stopped to watch a fisherman haul up his lobster pots. I must say in my own behalf that I never lost my composure for an instant, even when the well-meaning fishermen handed a lobster into our boat for closer inspection—that is, until it was thrust under my nose so that I could observe it in all its scaly, flipping glory. That was just too, too, much. In all honesty I suppose that my actions were wilder than the lobster's. For two dreadful seconds I hovered in balance over the edge of the boat until gravity finally triumphed. The water was icy cold and the thought of lobsters lurking in the vicinity didn't exactly add to my pleasure. The most humiliating part, however, was to have to stand treading water until everyone had

stopped laughing long enough to haul me into the boat. And then I had to sit there in clothes sticky with salt, while they all tried to stop laughing—all on account of a miserable little lobster.

When you come right down to it though, the odd little aversions which we humans have, no matter how real and terrifying they seem to us, appear ridiculous and amusing to others. It is extremely hard to respect and understand those of other people, but where would we all be if we all liked the same things?

So I feel justified in detesting lobsters, and if the devilish, old, red things in the refrigerator wink mockingly at me and cock their feelers in a defiant air, why shouldn't I bang the door shut and shudder? And anyway, I'm not afraid of snakes.

#### ARE PEOPLE LIKE BOOKS?

"Some Folks Won't Work"—Miss Prediger's History Class.

"Fresh and Briny"-Sophomore Class.

"Any Girl Can Be Good Looking"—Barbara Myers.

"Little Citizen" - Ginny Platt.

"This New Age"-Dorothy Roe.

"Touchdown and After"-Jack Grady.

"This Singing World"-Bruce Miller.

"Adventures of Man"-David Strout.

"Flush"-Betty Duerr.

"Where the Blue Begins"-Mondays.

"Men Are Like Streetcars" (Another will be along in five minutes)—Peggy Fyfe.

"Stag Line"—Third Period Lunch.

"Who Rides in the Dark"—Bruce Hainsworth??

"Seventeen"—All the pupils born in 1922.
"Three Musketeers"—Mr. McKenna, Edna
Freehoffer, and Miss Nagle.

"It's Later Than You Think"—Miss Jordan.

"Union Now"-Mr. McGovern.

# Toby's Good Deed

By Elizabeth Byrne

A S Jill and Toby were riding to school in Toby's old car, "Stella", Jill said,

"Toby, I wish you would do me a favor."

"Certainly," said Toby, gaily, "what can I do for you?"

"It's this," said Jill, "you know that new girl, Betty Watson, that's in our French class?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want you to take her to some of the basketball games or something. She told me she doesn't know a soul in town, and she's really a good kid."

"But, Jill," said Toby, a distasteful look on his face, "I want to go with you. Or is this just a polite way of telling me you don't want to go with me?"

"Oh! no! Of course not, silly! But I'm going to Aunt Ruth's for a week, and I thought you could take Betty out then."

"But you're not going to your aunt's for two weeks yet."

"I know it, but you can't just start taking her out all of a sudden and then drop her like a hot potato when I come back. Take her out once or twice 'till I go away, then rush her for a week and then you can slowly drop her so she'll never suspect, and at the end of that time she'll probably have met someone of the 'gang'. If she clicks, it will be O. K."

"All right, Jill. I'll do it for you, but it's against my better judgment—" mourned Toby.

"Oh, Toby, you're a dear," smiled Jill.

So Toby started out on his good deed and found it wasn't hard to do at all. Betty was cute, and she had lots of fun in her. She was soon accepted by the "gang", but she still clung to Toby as the one she liked best.

Meanwhile Jill unfortunately had caught a hard cold just when she was ready to come home, so she had to stay at Aunt Ruth's another week. Staying at Aunt Ruth's was never much fun—there weren't any young people around, and Jill had lots of time to brood.

She had just received a letter from Toby who wasn't peeved in the least about having to take Betty out all the time. On the contrary, he was quite pleased, and Jill, who had expected him to be at least a little bit cross, felt a pang of jealousy and began to wish she hadn't bothered about Betty. After all, Toby was supposed to take the girl out only a few times, not fall for her, and he hadn't said anything in his letter about starting to drop Betty.

When Jill wrote back to Toby, she asked him to come up and get her the next Saturday. Then she started thinking how nice the ride home would be. She and Toby could straighten everything out then.

Imagine her surprise and disappointment when Toby drove up in "Stella" with Betty Watson beside him. Jill, watching from the window, could hardly keep from crying.

"What's the matter with Toby?" asked Aunt Ruth as Jill said goodbye to her. "He always comes in to say 'hello' to me. Who's the girl, Jill? Well, well, I never would have thought he was that sort. But never you mind, dearie, there are a lot more fish in the sea."

And with this encouragement ringing in her ears, Jill went out to the car.

"So Aunt Ruth thinks Toby has fallen for Betty, too," thought poor Jill. "Well, she must know. I should have minded my own business and let Betty look out for herself. I thought I was doing her a favor and look at the trouble she has caused."

In her anger Jill never thought that what Betty had done was only natural. She had been a stranger in a strange town, and Toby had taken her out and given her a good time. She had no idea that Jill and Toby had been "going together" for a long time.

All the way home Jill was silent, speaking only when spoken to. Toby and Betty soon gave up trying to make her talk and carried on an animated conversation between themselves, talking about something which had happened at school while Jill was away.

Snuggled down in a corner Jill watched them jealously and nursed her grievances.

Meanwhile Toby couldn't make her out. He'd thought she'd be pleased that he'd taken such an interest in Betty. He wasn't acquainted with the ways of a woman's mind. He had wanted to go after Jill alone, but Betty had pleaded to go and he had thought that Jill wouldn't mind because she had wanted Betty to have a good time, and now look at her! Mad as a wet hen about something. But then, maybe she just wasn't feeling so good, and that was what was the matter with her.

In the days that followed, matters grew worse. When Toby got around to dropping Betty, he found out that she wasn't ready to be dropped. She kept finding places that she wanted to see, and Toby, being a gentleman, couldn't refuse.

Naturally Jill thought he had fallen hard for Betty and didn't want to drop her, so she avoided Toby. Indeed, they scarcely saw each other. How long this miserable state of affairs would have gone on, I don't know, but one day Betty overstepped the limit of Toby's patience.

The Spring Dance was to be given soon, and Toby had asked Jill to go with him long before Betty had come to town. When Betty found out about this she told Toby he would have to break this date with Jill and take her.

After all, she argued, he had made this date a long time ago.

"But, Betty," protested Toby, "I asked Jill months ago, and I can't go back on her now."

"Oh, that was before I came," Betty broke in calmly.

"And what's more," Toby continued, impatiently, "I don't want to break a date with Jill."

"Don't want to! Why, Toby Tyler, how dare you say that to me? Why, I wouldn't go now if you wanted me to."

She burst into tears. This method had helped Betty with other boys, but it was no good here. Toby was firm. Somehow or other he felt a lot better, now that he had actually turned Betty down.

Toby was a little afraid that Jill would be angry because he had quarrelled with Betty, but with stars in her eyes, she said she understood—and forgave him.

A few days after the dance Betty met Jill and Toby on the street. Ignoring Jill, she said to Toby, sweetly,

"I'll forgive you, Toby, if you want to take me to the dance at church tomorrow night—"

"Don't bother," said Toby, just as sweetly, "Jill and I are all dated up for weeks to come, aren't we, Jill?"

"We certainly are," said Jill, and as Toby took her hand and they went on, she smiled sympathetically at Betty.

"Poor child—" she thought.

#### THE DAY

By Margaret Walsh

Tired and weary, old and gray
Quietly it steals away
Softly as a teardrop shed—
Half unwilling joins the dead.
It has done its little part
Something for each mind and heart;
Grief and pain although it brought,
Some small lesson has been taught.

# In Search of a Myth

By Robert Kelley

TNTIL last summer I had never visited New England. From books and newspapers I had gained a fair, secondhand knowledge of the "rock-bound" states; but beyond an acquaintance with certain everyday facts, such as that Boston is a large port; that tobacco is grown in the Connecticut River valley; that Gloucester is a fishing center, and other physical and historical trivia, New England and I were strangers. Not that I hadn't longed to join the caravan and to explore New England in quest of her natural beauties. But chiefly I had desired to see her native sons,—to encounter a genuine New England Yankee. I had heard of the Yankee, —ot his shrewdness, his ingenuity, and his aloofness. But alack! I had never met a Yankee,—a true Yankee. So when my uncle invited me last June to join him on a jaunt through New England, my spirits rejoiced. I thrilled at the thought that at last I was to meet the New Englander on his native soil. But now, as I check through the files of my memory, one discovery made during that sojourn stands out like a sore thumb. There is no Yankee shrewdness; there is no Yankee ingenuity; there is no Yankee aloofness! Why? Because there is no Yankee! As far as my travels took me, regardless of the effort I put into my search for a Yankee, I failed,failed miserably to get my man.

My memory furnishes many interesting incidents that made my discovery of New England a success; but no matter how I boast about the "quaint natives" I encountered on my trip, my conscience always calls my bluff. However, many close calls will ever be mine to cherish; but never an honest, in the flesh Yankee could I find. (I wonder if this failure to get my man will be held against me if I ever want to be a G-man?)

I remember well the evening of my arrival. It was growing dark when my train pulled into the small coast town in Connecticut which was to serve as the starting point of my odyssey. I scampered onto the railroad platform, luggage in hand. Looking about for someone who could direct me to my uncle's residence, as there was no one at the station to receive me, I spotted, in a small structure bearing a government post-office sign, an aged woman sitting with her back toward me.

"What!" my spirit shrieked, "a Yankee already?"

My spine quivered as I crept around to the door of the building that I might get my first glimpse of a Yankee countenance. What my eyes saw not only made me forget Yankee profiles, but even went so far as to make my teeth chatter. Sprouting from the lips of the wilted female, pouring forth smoke in chimney fashion, was a peace-pipe so great in length that even Tecumseh would have cherished it. Believing her to be a character that Marquis James had inadvertently left out of his "Life of Andrew Jackson", I found my uncle's home without her advice.

The next half week was spent in rigging my uncle's sloop preparatory to sailing up the New England coast to Portsmouth. Our cruise was uneventful except for a big blow just before we reached our destination. When we were only a few hours from port, a wind came up from nowhere. It gained momentum and, with Neptune's aid, was soon raising havoc on the high seas. Viking-like, I stayed on deck to ride out the gale. Sprays of salty sea slapped against my body till my slacks clung like wall paper. At last, I was about to seek refuge in the cabin, when out of the eerie darkness came a flickering light,—a light

which I soon recognized as a storm lantern on the bow of a fishing smack. A fishing smack! Where else would I find a true Yankee but on a fishing smack, out placing nets in the sea that had probably claimed the lives of many of his ancestors? Where else but here, off this "stern and rock-bound coast" would one find an honset-to-goodness son of New England? Immediately I sparked a conversation lest the first genuine Yankee I had ever met should slip back into the night.

"The weather—the storm—where did it come from—who are you—are you a New Englander?"

In the dim light of the lantern, I studied his features. It was a Gallic countenance, and he threw back in response to my inquiries such a flood of French that even the wind stopped blowing. All I could respond was, "Il pleut," and even that was lost in the storm. The fisherman faded. There was disappointment in my heart as we went in to dock at Portsmouth.

Next day my uncle hired a car in which we travelled to the Maine hinterland. Amid the beauties of the New England countryside we sleep. journeyed along, meeting other travellers like ourselves and encountering now and then pseudo-New Englanders corrupted by movies and radio and transformed from their pristine state. But when at last we reached our cabin, deep in the heart of the Maine woods, I felt repaid for our long journey. This shack belonged to a back woodsman who was to be our host-guide for the ensuing week. When first I met him, I sighed exultantly. I had touched all but one of the states of New England, and not one Yankee had I found; but in the heart of Maine, here at last was my man—my Yankee. I met him cautiously— (notice my change in tactics)—lest I should frighten him into complete silence, for he was a quiet man. That is one of the reasons why I believed my quest was nearing its end. Yankees, according to authorities supposedly

well-versed on the topic, are extremely laconic.

We fished and hunted the Maine woods, and at last I gained a rating with our guide. Gradually removing the veil of reserve, we soon were intimate companions. In my heart I secretly prayed he'd be a Yankee. So far he had lived up to all qualifications but I wasn't sure.

One night before the roaring hearth he asked me subtly, "What do you think of the New Deal?"

Uncertainty, even fear, seized me; but assuming an air of indifference I led him on.

"As far as I can see," my prospective Yankee continued, "the New Deal is a fine attempt to straighten out the mess we're in. I even think I like this man Roosevelt."

"What!" I cried, "you like Roosevelt?" He nodded. With tears in my eyes, with my heart in fragments, I bowed my head in sorrow. No Yankee, no Maine Yankee especially, would feel anything but scorn toward Mr. Roosevelt. With the thought, "Where was this supposed Yankee in '36" on my mind I sought my bunk and fell into a troubled sleep.

The following day we returned to civilization and routine worlds, my uncle with a fine vacation behind him to make life more endurable; I, with a broken heart.

I had sought till my eyes ached. From Connecticut to Maine, along the coast and in the hinterlands where once flourished the traditional Yankee, I had searched to no avail. On land and sea I had sought my man, but, alack, no Yankee was to be found. Therefore do you think me unjust in concluding that the Yankee is a myth? Perhaps I explored the wrong places; perhaps I saw Yankees and didn't know I'd met them; perhaps when Frederick Van de Water said that Yankees go into seclusion for the summer months, he knew whereof he spoke; but as for Robert Kelley, who is a strong believer that seeing is believing, there is no Yankee!

### LINES INSPIRED BY A BULLETIN NOTICE

(Bulletin notice: "Teachers only: Will the teacher who borrowed Mr. Joyce's stop watch please return it.")

Now, John E. Joyce a job did take upon the radio,

And to his little meetings did the student actors go.

They practised sounds, and scripts, and voice, Yet one thing always irked the Joyce—
Their parts they knew (?!\*) oh my! just fine—
But the show was always overtime.

A resourceful man John Joyce is he,
A man of ingenuity;
He cried his woes to City Hall,
And from that source, lo! did befall
A gift—all shiny, bright and new.
The maestro swelled with pride and joy;
He beamed at every girl and boy.
"No longer will control man scotch
Our lines—I have a new stop watch!"

But, woe! The joy in Joyce no longer is, He walks about with solemn phiz. His programs go from bad to worse, And John's been known to even curse The culprit who connived to botch His acts by borrowing his watch.

His face grows lean, his hair grows gray. 'Tis said he's even learned to pray. Alas! No watch has yet come back; The strain's too much—our Jack will crack. Oh, borrower! whoe'er you be Return that clock right instantly. Put "Dapper's" shows on time again Ere a watch he buys in the five and ten.

(Yukon Ike it or not)

(Note: We understand the watch was found in Mr. Carey's locker. Ed.)

#### SEVEN A. M.

By Arline Allen

These cold winter mornings all snug in my bed

I'm sleeping so soundly I can't raise my head; A voice from the hall tells me sternly to rise I look at my clock—begin rubbing my eyes— And gaze through the window—watch the snow getting deep,

And oh! how I wish that I still were asleep.

The voice calls again; this time it sounds madder.

I creep out of bed feeling sadder and sadder.
I shiver and shake as the wind howls outside
And wish that to school I could comfort'bly
ride

Or that school began later—about half past ten

In this winter weather so cold it has been.
So, I think I'll get up some sort of petition
With hundreds of names about this condition,
And see if there can't be a change of some
kind—

Say a ten o'clock rising—I wouldn't mind.

### A THAD THTORY

By Betty Moore

I thuthpect thomethingth wrong,
And itth been wrong tho long
That I'm thunk in the depthth of dethpair.
I'm thure you'll be thorry
When you hear my thtory,
For you'll eathily thee itth not fair.
One day in Theptember,
How well I remember,
The thweet muthic of birdth filled the air.
I that down in my thwing
And ga-boom it went zing.
Oh, the plathe where I hit wath tho thore.
But "Murder!" "Poleeth!"
I'd knocked out three teeth
Now I can't pronounth "eth" any more.

## Radio's New Baritone

By Herbert Boyajian



RADIO's "Search for Talent", conducted over a number of stations during the past several months, ended on December 9 with the selection of Basil Jones as the outstanding baritone singer.

Tall, blond, deep-voiced Basil, a senior at P. H. S., entered the first series of "Search for Talent" programs at the WBRK Studios and ran off easily with the first prize for his brilliant rendition of "Little Old Garden". Basil had sung from childhood, but had never realized his talent until a few years ago when at the suggestion of a friend he started taking lessons from Mrs. F. Carl Gorman. After the first series of the programs, Basil entered the semi-finals with eleven other contestants. When the radio audience heard him sing "The Trumpeter", the mail poured into the studio for him. He won the first prize of \$10 and a train ticket to the finals at the WGY studios. (I was curious to know what Basil did with the \$10. He said the greenbacks became redfaced Christmas presents and were tossed into Santa Claus' Sleigh).

At the finals in Schenectady, Basil sang with inspiring enthusiasm the song "Give a Man a Horse", and was hailed the winner.

"Basil," I asked him, "how did you get the inspiration which carried you through the long series with such success?"

"Well, Herb." he answered, "I never had the thought that I could qualify for even the preliminaries, but the *fellows* worked hard to convince me that no goal is too tough for a P. H. S. senior; so I simply had to vindicate their faith in P. H. S. What else could I do?"

As the reward of his victory in the finals, Basil Jones will have a free trip to New York on Feb. 10 for several days and there will have an audition at the NBC studios in Radio City.

Basil's activities and honors are highly varied. He is president of the Epworth League, vice president of the Pittsfield Federation of Youth, an officer in De Molay, a staff photographer on the Student's Pen, an ardent skier, and a pianist. His most favored occupation is, of course, singing. He is in the senior cast for the operetta "Mikado" and sings the part of the Mikado. He sings in the Methodist Church choir, and the Boys' Glee Club, and recently he has been invited to join the Orpheus Male Choir.

I wondered how a singer of church music, operettas and light classical songs might feel towards swing music, so I asked him.

"I like to listen to it," he answered, "but I wouldn't waste my time singing it, and I abhor jitterbugging."

We agreed finally that he was "one of the better" sophisticated dancers.

A fact I learned during the interview made me think of Basil as a "Wale of a Baritone": he was born in Wales and came to the United States at the age of seven.

Basil's ambition is to study voice at the Julliard School in New York City.

Basil, that faith and confidence of ours, which you say carried you aloft in your initial flight to fame, we will sustain in you to give you wings to soar to the loftiest goals. Some day we shall hail you as the second Lawrence Tibbett.















#### CLASS PRESIDENT

Friends, Romans, and—students! Behold the Junior Class president,—Edmund King by name. People who are always in a grand rush to get somewhere annoy him, so take your time, you who would capture his heart. But—there's always a but, as someone said—Ed has his eye on a certain brown-eyed senior brunette who listens to Benny Goodman and Bob Crosby (hmm!) Hunting and fishing are his favorite outdoor activities, but whether the results are good or bad is left to the imagination.

#### REPORTER

Many years ago, a dark-eyed, dark-haired infant opened its eyes—saw a passing blonde and yelled, "Mummy, I want one." These were the first words of Herbert Boyajian, chairman of the Student Government organizing committee, Features Editor of The Pen, the president of the Debating Club, and an Eagle reporter. An able pianist, his tastes in music vary widely from Glenn Miller to Toscanini. He loves cocoanut custard pie and grilled ham sandwiches, and he professes a liking for U. S. History (but we wonder.)

#### VIOLINIST

You heard her last year fiddling away for "Pinafore". If you're good children you'll hear her again in "The Mikado". She's Olga Massimiano, mistress of the violin. She doesn't like chicken—imagine that, if you can—but it's three cheers for travel books, music, and violets (boys, make a memo of that). Collecting miniature vases occupies some of her spare time, and the same goes for keeping a scrap book on the present war. Dandy idea, isn't it? This dark-haired junior plans to continue her music if she has enough confidence in herself after leaving high school.

#### LOMBARDO FAN

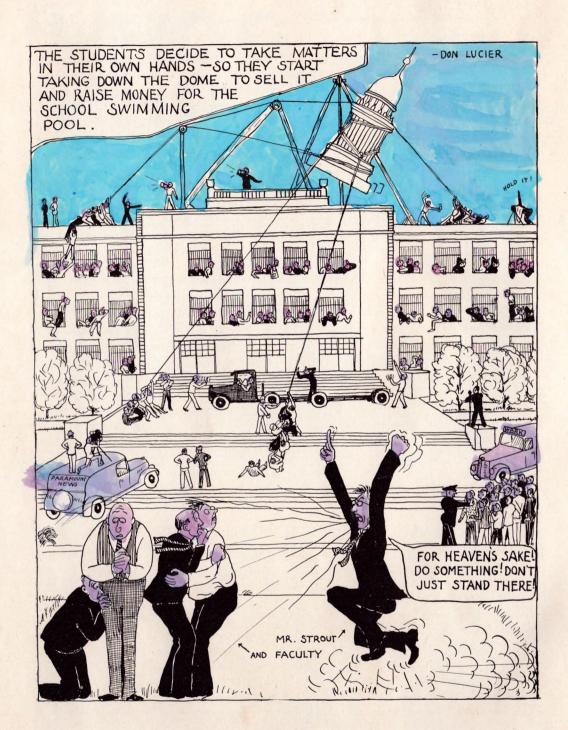
Made of "sugar and spice an' everything nice" is the Editor of The Pen's School Notes Department. Quiet, unassuming, yet full of fun and liked by all is Marion Willis. With honey colored hair and brown eyes she makes a picture anyone'd wish to keep. She dotes on football, basketball and dogs (hot dogs included)—and is an ardent fan of Guy Lombardo. She likes school in general, but dislikes being told to "stop talking" when she is so oo hoarse she can't possibly be doing anything of the sort. She loves to begin stories which she never finishes and hopes to be a great writer.

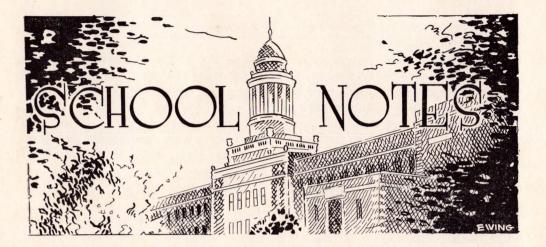
#### RING TREASURER

Fellows, meet the lucky lad who has recently had the pleasure of holding hands with your girls—George Walsh, Ring Treasurer of the Senior class (he helped measure for the rings, too.) Fond of apple pie, roller coasters and reading, he just loves a good argument (except with redheads—"you can't beat'em," says he.) He hopes to do away with clocks some day and also with those stubborn locker locks which refuse to open. He says he likes his job of Poetry Editor on The Pen. Hopes some day to perfect a method of eating lunch, doing Vergil, and keeping up a lively conversation all at once.

#### SHRIMP

This, boys and girls, is Eunice Potter, diminutive president of the Motion Picture Club. Eunice hates to go to bed (can you blame her?) but then she doesn't relish the thought of getting up mornings, either. She can't be afraid of gaining weight, for she loves hot fudge sundaes (mm·m!), chocolate cake, and also anything that's bad for her (tsk, tsk!) Eunice makes her own clothes in her spare time when she's not doing homework—and a good job she does of it, too. Her great aim in life is to become private secretary to the first woman President of the United States. Come on, girls, don't keep Eunice waiting!





#### THE MIKADO

The Mikado is on its way! The many excellent posters which grace our bulletin boards tell us that. Every afternoon the auditorium resounds with the rehearals of the from us, it will be well worth seeing! Cynthia Scribner as Yum-Yum and Bruce Miller as Nanki-Pooh supply the romantic interest, while Don Lucier and Pam Walker as Ko-Ko and Katisha, the villainous, will roll you in the aisles. Gordon Almstead is a perfectly marvelous Pish-Tush, and you should see Bob Finnegan as the haughty Pooh-Bah! Gerry Seagrave as Pitti-Sing and Ruth Jansen as Peep-Bo make two of the most adorable little maids you ever saw, and as for Basil Jones, the Mikado, -words fail us. Supporting this promising cast are two excellent choruses—one of girls, one of boys and to top it all, the orchestra is superb.

What you will see on the nights of the two performances will be the result of months of hard work and sacrifice on the part of Mr. Gorman and each participant, not to forget the time and energy Miss Ward has devoted to teaching actions. The rehearsals are naturally tiring after a long day of school, but there is always time for a good laugh, which does wonders toward pepping up lagging feet.

#### SENIOR NOTES

Mikado rehearsals are going strong now; It won't be long until the eventful day of its presentation.

Among the many "isms" that are flourishing today in the world is the society of "Foochism", which we may predict will be come one of the leading "isms" in the country. This party lays down the law for a certain while Don Lucier and Pam Walker as Ko-Ko and Katisha, the villainous, will roll you in the world is the society of "Foochism", which we may predict will be come one of the leading "isms" in the country. This party lays down the law for a certain U. S. History teacher. This certainly is wonderful training for the future dictators that may emerge out of the third period class in 206.

Santa Claus was very lavish with his gifts this Christmas. Heading the list of presents were knee socks, bracelets and necklaces of bells, red—(and we do mean red!)—cardigans and very gay plaid flannel shirts that are all the rage among the masculine members of this institution.

#### JUNIOR NOTES

Happy New Year to all members of the class and a wish for a good start in 1940.

We neglected to mention in the December Pen that Jerome Giller is a member of the Good Will Committee.

Joseph Coughlin has been elected chairman for the Junior Prom.

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#### SOPHOMORE NOTES

After many trials and tribulations, most of the sophs have struggled through their four books in literature. By now they are in such a daze that many find it practically impossible to distinguish "Orlando" and "Charles Darney".

Those departmentals put out by our Mathematical Wizard are certainly getting the sophs down. Almost any soph would welcome a mild case of the measles on the fatal

Attention, Sophomores! Have your poetic High do hereby resolve: genius burning before February. Reason—a poem will be expected from each of you before that time. A few Longfellows and Shelleys Mary Lynch—"To study more, as reports are should be found among you.

#### GIRLS' HI-Y

new girls' Hi-Y chapter of fifteen members was formed. The officers are: President, Helen Wade; Vice President, Mary Blackwell; Secretary, Olga Massimiano; Treasurer, Jean Lutz; Warden, Helen Heidel. A name has not been chosen for the club yet. We all wish the best of luck to this young club.

#### SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT THE SCHOOL

Georgie Mitchell forgetting where he sits in study hall at least twice a week. . . Christmas ties. . . Christmas socks. . . Christmas shirts... Kennie Weeks, the Kandy Kid.... Norma Russell humming "MarchingThrough Georgia". . . Ginnie Amerio trading a saxophone in for a trumpet. . . The Mikado choristers with creaking joints. . . George Grover going "dear-hunting". . . Rosemary "Honeychile" Drew. . . Arthur Barbe hiding from Mr. Lynch. . . Messrs. Vic and Fred Thrane returning to school a day late (too much New Year's?). . . Walt Bouchane's pretty blue tie (he tried to sell it to Bob Briggs). . . Pete Quattrochi re-

vealing dimpled knees at Mikado rehearsal (he forgot they charge as much for pressing as for cleaning). . . Bob Elliot sporting bright red ear muffs. . . Johnny Bence blushing about a "certain Christmas present.". . . Jane La-Broad with a nice, shiny bracelet with only one name on it (as yet). . . David Strout making the cutest "whatnot" (so we hear!). . . . Dick Sabin getting ver-ry interested in essays.

Hear ve. hear ve! Be it known that the students and faculty members of Pittsfield

Gene Quirk—"To keep following that little nurse at St. Luke's.'

just around the corner." (Why remind us?)

Miss Ella Casey—"It is easier to promise then to perform-hence, no resolutions." As a Christmas present to Pittsfield High a Agatha Quetti-"To stop chewing gum in Mr. McCarty's study hall."

> Beulah Olson-"Not to grow anymore." (Physically?)

> Don Gabree—"No more blondes. They aren't gonna call me Dagwood anymore!" (Touching, isn't it?)

"Peg" Walsh-"To be a good girl."

John Bence—"To shave every week." ("Well, almost"—he added).

Milton Bass-"To keep from going out with girls." (How tragic.)

Albie Prendergast-"Not to make any resolutions.'

Mr. McCarty—"To put an end to all notewriting in study hall." (Better watch out, or Agatha will break her resolution.)

Julia Lamm—"Not to overwork the helpless telephone in 1940."

Miss Nagle-"To give bigger and better tests." (Meanie!)

Joe Masterson-"To think of new resolutions to break."

Frank Moynihan-"No more fights at basketball games."

Albert Polito-"No more strenuous holiday celebrations. And I ain't just saying it!"

#### WATCH THE BIRDIE!

January, 1940

All the would be photographers and expert cameramen of Pittsfield High experienced a great thrill when Mr. Edgerton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology demonstrated to a very appreciative and attentive audience how speed cameras work. He satisfied our curiosity about these fast cameras, but most of us will be content to remain mere amateurs. Our heads were dizzy with figures -and large ones too-when Mr. Edgerton told us exactly how fast these cameras work. It certainly was an interesting lecture and one which gave us a better knowledge of how these cameras work.

#### WHAT'S THE USE?

Mr. Geoffrey Morgan paid a visit to us of Pittsfield High on December 18 and left us vividly impressed by his talk. Stressing the importance of a good education, he told us that a person who graduates from a good school with an accurate knowledge of some one thing will have a greater chance to succeed than a person with merely general knowledge. In answer to the age-old question of high school students, "What's the use?", Mr. Morgan showed us the value of a good education. We hope and firmly believe that his advice will be heeded.

#### MOTION PICTURE CLUB

During December the Motion Picture Club saw "Rulers of the Sea" and "Allegheny Uprising". These pictures were subsequently discussed by the members of the club.

Topics on the "Rulers of the Sea "were given as follows: Man's Early Attempt at Navigation-William Gardiner; Gallant Era of Sailing Ships-Alan Cooley; New Era of the Sea-Janet Herie; Modern Ocean Liners -Virginia Ruperto; The Setting-Bessie Koulgage.

Character Sketches of George Bancroft-Yolande Polidoro; Douglas Fairbanks—Mary Rupurto; John Wayne-Ruth Garner.

The plot of "Allegheny Uprising" was discussed by William Gardiner.

#### P. H. S. STAMP CLUB

The Pittsfield High Stamp Club, recently organized under the leadership of Miss Marion Bulger, has elected the following officers: President, Don Moynihan; Vice President, Leon Gold; Secretary, Walter Morin: Treasurer, Harry Wolfe. The Executive Committee consists of Paul Murray, Donald St. John, William St. John, and Don Moynihan. The membership has been increasing steadily since its organization.

#### FUN AT MIKADO REHEARSALS

Mr. Gorman, when reprimanding Dave Strout about a certain passage, declared, "That is driving me crazy!" Observed Dave, "You're not the only one!"

"How's the weather, Skipper?" the janitor always shouts down the length of the auditorium to Mr. Gorman. Now Ginny Amerio calls him the "Little Skipper."

During the Christmas vacation the cast had to rehearse frequently. Mr. Gorman was adamant despite our plea for time to play with our new electric trains.

Basil Jones, lying on the floor in the position of a professional cameraman, snapped a candid shot of poor, defenseless Don Lucier learning to dance.

Gerrie Seagrave has a song in which she sings "When a man's afraid, a beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see." Mr. Gorman always gets it wrong. His version is "When a man's afraid of a beautiful maid. . . . "

When Don Lucier comes panting into rehearsal late, he invariably looks as if he might break a blood vessel. "Puff-puff-I didn't know-puff-that we were having a rehearsal this afternoon," says he. (They say that he doesn't start running until he reaches the auditorium door, so we need not worry.)

You should have seen our hero, Bruce Miller; blush when Mr. Gorman asked him how he makes love.

After his hundred yard "toddle" around the boys' chorus, poor Gordon Almstead has to sing his solo.

### THE LIBRARY COLUMN

By Betty Moore

IX/ELL, you would be "glamour" girls and boys who have yearned since the year "1" to possess that grace of speech and deed with which so few are gifted, at long last opportunity knocks, and that which you have desired so long and ardently is within your reach. It comes in the form of a book called "Personality Pointers" by Jill Edwards, who honored and delighted us with a visit recently. This book offers many suggestions by which one may realize and develop one's personality. If you put these worthy suggestions into practice, at the end of two weeks new friends should be seeking you out in droves, and your popularity should turn your rivals positively green with envy. I think we all agree that the charming and gracious ways of Jill Edwards, herself, are evidence and promise enough of good results.

For those who crave excitement and romance, Ralph Hubbard has written a book called "The Wolf Song," which should satisfy the most adventuresome spirit. With the setting laid in Indian territory in and around Colorado, the tale immediately plunges one into the past when Indians roamed the plains, loving and fighting with equal fervor. The author's account of their customs and habits displays an intimate knowledge of Indian life.

For reading along a lighter vein, "Winter in April", by Robert Nathan, supplies a less serious atmosphere. The story concerns a fifteen year old girl who is just at that age where she imagines that in the first presentable older man that appears on her youthful horizon, she has found her true and everlasting love. However, the book does not deal primarily with her love life but with her everyday problems, which greatly amuse

her doting grandfather and which will undoubtedly have the same effect on the reader.

Some suggestions for further reading are:

"American Skiing" by Otto Eugen Schniebs

"Daniel Boone" by John Bakeless
"Mount Washington Reoccupied"

by Robert S. Monahan

"Masterpieces of Art" edited by Thomas Craven

"No Vacancies" by Gertrude E. Mallette

"Bright Island" by Mabel L. Robinson

#### CALLING ALL WOMEN

1940's leap year,

So, girls, here's your big chance— There're lots and lots of boys like me, Just dying for romance.

Just pretty up a little,

Dress up and look your best, Then, if you'll only just propose,

I guess we'll do the rest.

The High School Record, Camden, N. J.

### THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR AT DINNER

Guest: Professor, will you pass the nuts? Professor (absent-mindedly): I suppose I shall, but I really should flunk them.

He: Is there a draught on you?

She: No.

He: Is your seat comfortable?

She: Yes.

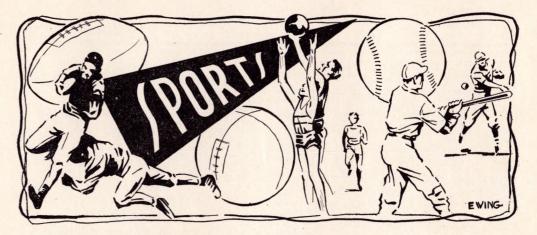
He: Will you change places with me?

#### HERE 'N' THERE

Our alumni away at school have been painting such fearful pictures of study and mid-year exams in college that we were actually spurred on to work—for a while.

Study halls are beginning to look like a succession of stoplights with the girls' red sweaters, blouses and skirts, not to mention bows, bracelets, and socks.

Whoever said that girls were the weaker sex will take it back when he sees girls walking to P. H. S. on these cold mornings with bare legs.



### PITTSFIELD TROUNCES LEE By Joseph Tagliente

In the initial game of the season Pittsfield decisively defeated a weak Lee High quintet on the Lee floor. The final score was 50-33.

The first half was close and hard-fought throughout, for although Pittsfield led 12-6 at the quarter, Lee came back strong in the second period to challenge Pittsfield's lead. At the half, however, Pittsfield had a slight edge, 17-15. In the third period the Purple-and-White really hit its stride, and, sparked by Moynihan, forged far ahead; Pittsfield's hoopsters were on a rampage and nothing could stop them. As the quarter ended, Pittsfield held a commanding lead, 32-20, which it gradually increased to 50-33 in the last period.

Since Coach Stewart was laid up with an attack of pleurisy, Coach Carmody took charge of the team; we congratulate him on a fine job.

### PITTSFIELD DEFEATS ADAMS By Joseph Tagliente

On December 16 Pittsfield turned back a scrappy Adams quintet in a close fought battle at Adams. Trailing 5-3 at the end of the first quarter, the Purple and White stole the lead in the second period and managed to stay in front throughout the rest of the game.

The second period opened with successful foul shots by both Francesconi of Adams and LiMardi of Pittsfield. Gene Quirk sank another foul shot, and Eddie Flossic followed up

with a floor goal. A Flossic foul shot and a LiMardi doublecounter definitely placed Pittsfield in the van, 10-6, as the half ended. Pittsfield slowly gained in both the final quarters. The final score was 29-21.

Two newcomers—Frank LiMardi and Eddie Flossic—set the pace in this game. With the addition of these boys to the height and skill of Moynihan and McGill, Pittsfield may well take the Western Massachusetts Championship.

### PITTSFIELD 41—LENOX 29 By George Grover

With Coach Stewart still convalescing from his attack of pleurisy, Coach John Carmody trained the Pittsfield High basketball team for a win on December 20 over a stubborn Lenox High team. The score, 41 to 29, gave Pittsfield its third consecutive victory.

The teams played on a practically equal basis during the first half of the game, but in the second half Pittsfield started to click and soon piled up a comfortable lead. Joe McGill and Frank Limardi, with sixteen and ten points respectively, led Pittsfield's offensive, while Johnny Grady did a fine job of holding the ever-dangerous Mareno to six points.

Casey led the scoring for the "Millionaires" with ten points.

The spectators received an added attraction in the third period when Frank Moynihan and Romeo, the Lenox center, indulging in a bit of a brawl, were ejected from the game

### PITTSFIELD DRUBS DALTON 45 TO 19 By Fred Cande

With Coach John Carmody still at the helm Pittsfield opened its home basketball season on December 23 with a 45-19 lacing of an unusually weak Dalton team that never gave up. Pittsfield held Dalton to three foul shots in the first quarter and led 9-3 at the end of that period. At half time Pittsfield led 20-9, all of Dalton's nine points having been scored by Billy Stafford, who was forced to leave the game via the four personal fouls route two minutes before the half ended. At the end of the third period Pittsfield led 36-12 and won going away. Frank Moynihan tallied fifteen points for Pittsfield and Joe McGill tallied ten. Stafford, of course, was the offensive star for Dalton with his nine points. In the preliminary the Dalton Jayvees beat the Pittsfield Jayvees 17-21.

#### PITTSFIELD TRIMS WILLIAMSTOWN

With Coach Stewart in charge for the first time since his recent attack of pleurisy, Pitts-field scored a 37-32 victory over the last place Williamstown basketball outfit. For three periods the college town hoopsters battled gamely and with fair success. At half time they were behind only 19 to 18 and early in the fourth quarter they had Pittsfield deadlocked at thirty-two all. Then Pittsfield snapped out of the doldrums it had been in all night and proceeded to walk away from the still game Williamstowners, winning easily 37-32. Capt. Frank Moynihan scored twenty points for Pittsfield, while Cunningham scored eleven for Williamstown.

#### PITTSFIELD TRIPS BENNINGTON

On January 13 Pittsfield's strong basketball team won its seventh straight victory at the State Armory over Bennington High 31-25. Sparked by Captain Frank Moynihan, the Pittsfield outfit came from behind to win in a walk.

Entering the second quarter on the short end of a 0-3 score, Pittsfield fought hard and

well, and just before the end of the half Moynihan sank a floor goal to put Pittsfield permanently in the van.

The scoring honors go to Captain Moynihan with a fourteen-point total, but we musn't forget Jack Grady's performance in holding Levin, the top scorer of the county, to four points.

#### ST. JOSEPH WINS THE FIRST

With a thrill-packed crowd of fourteen hundred looking on, the green clad hoopsters from St. Joe tacked a 19-25 defeat on an aggressive Pittsfield squad that never quite got going. Pittsfield tallied first on McGill's hoop but, though he scored again, they were behind 45 at the end of the first period. McGill scored another during the second period for Pittsfield's only points and at halftime St. Joe led 6-10. McGill having scored all six points. In the third period Pittsfield started to creep up but the period ended with Pittsfield still on the short end of a 12-13 score. In the fourth quarter Pittsfield battled desperately to take the lead and with four minutes to go was still trailing by only one point but in those last four minutes St. Joe dropped in four straight baskets to win 19-25. McGill with eight points was the Pittsfield headliner while Zilch's eight points and Poulin's fine defensive play were the star performances for St. Joe.

Extra Baskets

Mr. Leahy trying to make himself heard over the din being made by both sides.

Mr. Lynch's being cheered on his entrance, probably by some of his mark worried pupils.

### CATHEDRAL 15—PITTSFIELD 1 By Fred Cande

A pair of skates strapped to the feet of Angelo Bertelli spelled disaster to an inexperienced Pittsfield hockey squad which had but two days of practice behind it. Before this big fellow was through he had tallied six goals himself and assisted in four others. One of his goals came after a beautiful solo clash through the entire Pittsfield squad. Eddie Kellar saved Pittsfield from the ignominy of a shut out by tallying Pittsfield's lone goal. Football captain Al Roche carried on a bruising battle with Massey, Cathedral backliner, which not only added a little spice to the game but also gave the penalty box a few customers. Final score 15-1.

### PITTSFIELD DEFEATS ALBANY ACADEMY JAYVEES

Pittsfield High's hockey squad played an aggressive Albany Club, to the ground, in scoring its first victory of the season. Don Hurley in the Pittsfield cage had a holiday, while the Pittsfield defense completely bottled up the Albany squad. George Grover scored two of the Pittsfield goals and Eddie Kellar, who was acting captain, scored the other, and gave the Albany goalie a busy afternoon.

#### PITTSFIELD BOWS TO HOLYOKE

Saturday, the thirteenth of January, proved to be an unlucky day for the Purple-and-White puck chasers, for on that day they were defeated by a rough and tough Holyoke team, 1-2. During the first period there was no scoring, as the boys were learning to skate on slush. Holyoke's representatives learned first, and in the second period Brunelle scored. In the third period both teams scored on solo dashes by Magri of Holyoke and Roche of Pittsfield. Seven penalties featured the game; otherwise, the spectators had a dull time, for the "ice" was slow.

#### PITTSFIELD TOPS THEM ALL

A powerful Pittsfield High Ski Club swept all before it on January 13 at the Pittsfield State Forest. The occasion was the Berkshire Interscholastic Ski Meet, sponsored by the Mt. Greylock Ski Club.

In the first of the three events, the four and one half mile cross-country race, Cole of Williamstown placed first, but—hold your

breath—Pittsfield took every place from second to eighth. Next came the downhill event, won by Bill Eckerson of Pittsfield; Eckerson also placed third in the slalom.

Eckerson walked off with the individual laurels, placing first in the downhill run, second in the cross-country race, and third in the slalom. Bob Johnson (also of Pittsfield) stood second, taking third place in the downhill race and running fourth in the other two events.

Winning one event, Hotchkiss put up a grand fight, but the final totaling showed Pittsfield had a superior team. The team scores by points:

Pittsfield "A"	289.9
Hotchkiss	268.8
Adams	262.0
Pittsfield "B"	226.5
Williamstown	212.9
Drury	190.7
Berkshire	168.2

### GIRLS' SPORTS

#### **BOWLING**

Nearly every afternoon after school either Miss McLaughlin or Miss Ward leads a group of about twenty-five amateur bowlers to the new Stanley Club alleys.

Following nine weeks of this type of practice will come a three-week tournament. The winner (i.e. the girl who has the highest total score) will receive a letter, while the next two in line will be awarded numerals.

#### BASKETBALL

One hundred candidates reported for girls' basketball this year. After a practice period of about a month, the best players will be selected and placed on teams to compete in the Intra-mural Tournament, which is scheduled for the last part of February.

January, 1940

### ALUMNI NOTES

DID YOU KNOW THAT? . . . .

Marjorie Cahall, one of our alumnae at Bates College, is in the Choral Society and is trying out for the basketball team.

Esther Strout, P. H. S. '36, was a member of the committee that planned the banquet for the Bates Christian Association.

Helen Finkelstein, who is at Wellesley, is on the lighting committee of the Barn Swallows, the Wellesley Dramatic Society.

Charles Giftos has joined the Garfield Club at Williams.

Howard Gleason, also at Williams has been pledged to the Phi Delta Theta, and, perhaps inspired by Man Mountain Dean, has taken up wrestling.

Kathleen Buckley has joined the Chemistry Club and also sings in the special choir and Glee Club at St. Rose College.

Charlotte MacKelvie recently served at a tea given for the Dean of Bates College.

Edward Belland is now at Tufts Dental College in Boston. He is a member of the Louis Pasteur Club and the Theta Delta Chi fraternity.

Barbara Hanley, who is at Syracuse University, has been pledged to the Delta Gamma sorority.

Esther Kiersted, also at Syracuse Univ. is a member of Alpha Chi Omega sorority.

Dick Hanley is at Culver Military Academy in Indiana. Like Howie Gleason, he has gone in for wrestling.

Edward Sullivan, who is at St. Michael's College, is a member of the Debating Club, the choir, and the Lyceum Literary Club.

Paul Sweeney and John Barnini, who are at Providence College, have been chosen to take part in the stage play "Brother Orchid," which will be given by the Pyramid Players, the student dramatic organization. John Barnini, a three-letter man, was also chosen as the best athlete; the honors for the best looking boy in the class went to Paul Sweeney.

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